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I've had such a frightful dream! I saw your father lying dead upon the snow, a horrid black something was fluttering about him, and his face was all streaming with blood! I'm certain sure he's dead, Bill, certain sure! She was a strong woman, miss, not one of those who takes on, and cries and worris about trifles. She got up in the cold winter's morning, and began her work just as usual. I don't remember her shedding a tear, but she bustled about more than usual, and never spoke a word. It might have been about twelve o'clock or so that same day, when playing at the door in the snow, I saw a man all in a hurry running along up the lane till he came within sight of the open door, when he stopped all of a sudden, as if considering. Mother had seen him too, and pushing aside her wash-tub, said, hurriedly—'There, child, he's come to tell us of father's death!' and was out, like a flash of lightning, talking to the man. I don't now remember clearly what next happened, only that I fancy mother and I went off straight with the man, and we must have walked, I fancy, a precious long way through the snow, till we came to a church. There was a crowd of people in the church, all talking and looking at something which was stretched on planks upon the floor. Mother gave a great screech, and rushed between the people and sat herself down, sobbing upon the ground, close up to a strange thing which at first I took for a bundle of old clothes, but which I soon saw was the dead body of my father, sure enough. He had been frozen to death upon a wide heath which we had crossed in coming to the church. He must have lain dead some time upon the snow, for when he was found his face was all mangled and bloody—the famished crows having picked out his right eye. Thus, you see, miss, I have reason to think that dreams sometimes foretell things!"

April 10, 1855. It is a long time since the old soldier has been here. I fear my study from his head will never be completed. No tidings can I gain about him at his miserable lodgings in Cat-Court, except that on the temporary breaking up of the frost in January, he set off into the country, saying that he should be away for a few days; but has not yet returned. The bitter cold of February, and the cheerless, biting east winds of this ungenial spring, have most probably extinguished the flickering flame of his feeble old life. It is well to believe, that at length the aged wanderer has entered into his rest, or to picture his regenerated spirit, so restless upon the earth, released from fleshy bonds, recommencing a nobler and more wanderous pilgrimage through the boundless plains of eternity.

#### A KIND OF DREAM.

PENANCE 'S VAGARY—a kind of dream,  
And as in dreams we think that all is true,  
So to approve we must be dreamy too,  
For poets think not that their raptures seem.  
Ingenious nonsense, Newton called the Art;  
He heard no symphonies among the stars,  
But felt straightaway to calculate the jars,  
If but one from his wonted orb did start.  
The light by which we judge him in his spells,  
Should be the halo that his themes assume,  
The radiance from the truths his spirit tells,  
And let our knowledge settle in a gloom,  
Or else 'tis like a candle, that dispels  
The wierd and witching flames of twilight room.

JUSTIN WINSON.

## Reminiscences.

### DESULTORY.

By Rembrandt Peale.

THE English painter, ROBERT E. PINE, arrived in this country with good letters of recommendation, which brought him into favor, especially with Francis Hopkinson and Robert Morris, who built him a house to accommodate his family on the ground floor, whilst the upper part comprised a painting-room and a spacious, sky-lighted hall to display his collection of paintings, chiefly consisting of copies from large pictures by Reynolds, together with his own original historical works: but, as in this department of Art he soon found that his arrival here was premature, he felt himself obliged to depend on portrait-painting. I was informed in London that his coming to America, was not so much from admiration of our Republican institutions, as arising from his disappointment, after the death of Reynolds, not to be considered his most worthy successor.

Accustomed only to my father's small gallery of paintings, when I entered Mr. Pine's spacious saloon, I was astonished at its magnitude and the richness of the paintings which covered its walls, associating the glory of Reynolds with the emulating talents of his aspiring pupil; and when I was, with my father, admitted to his painting-room, my surprise was increased on seeing a very small and slender man as the author of the great works I had just left. He seemed to my young mind as a conjuror with his mahl-stick wand, and the rainbow tints of his palette. His coloring was certainly good, but his execution flimsy. I was particularly pleased with a fine copy of Reynold's portrait of *Mrs. Siddons* as the Tragic Muse.

Not finding sufficient employment by portraiture in a city chiefly inhabited by Quakers and the descendants of economical Germans, he was obliged to seek it by travelling into the Southern States; and his custom was, on small, thin pieces of canvas, to paint the heads of his sitters, making, on paper, pencil sketches of their figures; so that on his return home, having pasted his heads upon larger canvases, he and his two daughters could rapidly finish them. It happened in more than one instance that he made mistakes with his pencil sketches and gave his subjects bodies that belonged to other persons—on one occasion for a slender figure substituting one of portly dimensions.

The uncultivated state of public taste, which had permitted Boydell's invoice of fine engravings to be sent back to London, without one purchaser, and that did not remunerate Mr. Pine the expense of his gallery, nor furnish him any employment but that of his ill-relished portraiture, compelled him to leave our savage country—and I believe he died on his passage to England. I do not remember hearing the fate of his daughters. A painting by Pine was purchased in Canada by Henry Brevoort, which I recognized as his portrait of Washington, which had produced no sensation in Philadelphia.

Mr. PRATT, of whom a notice was published in THE CRAYON, was a student with Mr. West before my father went to Eng-

land in 1769. He was considered but an indifferent painter, incapable of profiting by the opportunities he had in England; but he was an unambitious and a good man—contented in his humble sphere, whilst his son, Henry Pratt, the great merchant, enjoyed and displayed a princely fortune, having no taste for painting, but spending on his estate of Lemon Hill (now belonging as a park to the city of Philadelphia) four thousand dollars a year in his green-houses and gardens, although he and his family seldom spent a month at the place, which was deemed unhealthy.

A singular instance of the *ingenuity* of Mr. Pratt was displayed when, being commissioned to paint a Crucifixion as an altarpiece for the German Trinity Church, he painted the entire picture, on the floor of his small painting-room, on sheets of paste-board, which he tacked together in the church, where he corrected and retouched it.

It is an error to say that FRANÇOIS GUY was a tailor, and first developed a talent for painting by copying pictures lent him by Robert Gilmore. He was a silk-dyer in England, but finding no employment in his profession in Baltimore, he boldly undertook to become an artist, though he did not know how to draw. His wife encouraged the idea, and by her industry and frugality maintained themselves, whilst he prosecuted his studies, which he accomplished in a novel and ingenious manner. He constructed a tent, which he could erect at pleasure, wherever a scene of interest offered itself to his fancy. A window was contrived, the size of his intended pictures—this was filled up with a frame, having stretched on it a piece of black gauze. Regulating his eyesight by a fixed notch, a little distance from the gauze, he drew with chalk all the objects as seen through the medium, with perfect perspective accuracy. This drawing being conveyed to his canvas, by simple pressure from the back of his hand, he painted the scene from Nature, with a rapidly-improving eye, so that in a few days his landscape was finished, and his tent conveyed in a cart to some other inviting locality. In this manner he continued his studies, till he produced four pictures of extraordinary merit, as rough transcripts from Nature. They were exhibited in the ball-room of Bryden's Hotel, and soon found purchasers at twenty-five dollars each. Whilst he continued this mode of study, his pictures were really good—but, excited by the reputation he was gaining, he afterwards *manufactured* landscapes with such vigor that I have known him to display in the *sunshine*, on a lot contiguous to his residence near the city, forty large landscapes, which were promptly disposed of by raff. He painted standing, stepping frequently back to study the general effect, and taking a *huge* pinch of snuff from a large open jar—perhaps in emulation of Mr. Stuart—then advancing with dramatic energy to his picture, first flourishing his pencil in the air, executed the leaves of his trees, with flat brushes and cut quill-feathers, as he imagined no one had ever done before. He afterwards removed to Brooklyn, but failed to surprise the amateurs of New York.

The designs in competition for the Washington Monument, erected in Baltimore, were displayed in the City Library, and